

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Killer Instinct"

written by

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FINAL DRAFT
May 20, 1993

KILLER INSTINCT

TEASE

EXT. INDUSTRIAL TORONTO - THE DEAD OF NIGHT

A construction gate SNAPS back and forth in the cold wind.
Leaves roll by.

A SERIES OF BLURRED DISSOLVES:

AS OUR EERIE POV GLIDES along, between the buildings...past
fire escapes...LISTENING to the DISTANT, OVERLAPPING MURMURS
of conversation within walls...LOCATING and FOCUSING ON: The
faintest sounds of ---

INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

PIANO MUSIC. NICK'S FINGERS move lightly over the keys, a
faint smile playing on his face as he concentrates.

The loft is filled with the warm glow of candlelight. As the
MUSIC CONTINUES, WE MOVE OVER the contents of Nick's home...
The easel standing in the middle of the room with its
painting-in-progress: A huge abstract of vibrant warm tones
and energetic brushstrokes...The artifacts collected over
several lifetimes...The never-ending repair of the motorcycle
surrounded by parts on white cloth. The TORONTO POLICE
DEPARTMENT badge on the table next to a set of keys...The
cheerful disarray of it all ---

EXT. UNDER THE PIER - NIGHT

SILENCE. A haze of breath condenses in the air, backlit by
the lights of a cargo dock, as two silhouettes - a MAN and a
YOUNG WOMAN - fumble busily with their transaction (NOTE:
dialogue is for production purposes. We hear only bits of
it.)

MAN

So what's it gonna be?

YOUNG WOMAN

(shivering)

Gimme a dime.

She watches as he reaches into his coat, fingers reaching for
the right packet.

YOUNG WOMAN

Just felt like partying, you
know....Whatcha got tonight, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN
Chinese white.....the very best.

UNDER PIER - ANOTHER ANGLE

Another puff of breath. This one coming from a hiding place. A stripe of light illuminates two nervous, waiting eyes. TILT DOWN to see hands, in another stripe of light, pulling on surgical gloves.

The Young Woman exchanges her crumpled ball of cash for a small package and shoves it into the front pocket of her ripped jeans.

MAN
You still owe me for the last time you know.

YOUNG WOMAN
I know, I'll pay you.

MAN
You wanna guess how many times I've heard that one?..Just remember, I write everything down.

The woman starts to walk away.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'll talk to you in a couple of days.

MAN
I'm counting on it.

WE FOLLOW HER as she ducks away between the pilings to scramble up the steep moonlit bank and away. BEAT...WE TURN again to FIND the Man coming out from between the pilings himself. He WHISTLES SOFTLY between his teeth as he squeezes the bills into a money clip. He takes a few steps and then --

It happens quickly. The surgical-gloved hands dart from the shadows behind and lock over the Man's mouth. He drops his money and reaches to claw free - but to no avail. The dark shape from the shadows emerges, forcing the man to his knees, dragging him to --

The edge of the water a few feet away. He struggles and kicks as he's forced, writhing, into the knee-deep water face first. His hair sprouts between the fingers of the surgical-gloved hands, water boiling around his head as his screams turn into bubbles ---

INTERCUT - NICK'S LOFT

Nick's playing becomes more intense, the smile slipping from his face and replaced by a frown as his concentration deepens into the music.

INTERCUT - UNDER PIER

The thrashing in the water continues. The Man's hand claws his assailant's hand - snagging one glove and pulling it half off...Then twisting desperately to right himself, he rolls over to look up with wild eyes at a night sky full of air only inches beyond his gasp...and the steely gaze of his murderer...before the last bubbles escape and he goes limp.

INTERCUT - NICK

He stops playing abruptly - in mid-phrase. TILT UP to the disturbed look on his face.

INTERCUT - UNDER PIER

An EERIE POV watches from above as the dark shape straightens, checking to make sure his drifting victim is dead before turning to wade back onto the gravel of the beach. He hurries away, glancing nervously around.

INTERCUT - NICK

The mood has been broken. Nick moves to his window and looks out --

NICK'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

The night-time Toronto skyline. Nothing out of the ordinary...

Nick pulls away from the window, still frowning to himself. What is he suddenly feeling?

INTERCUT - UNDER PIER

ON THE FLOATING BODY...as the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL grow distant...Something moves INTO FRAME, hardly disturbing the gentle lapping of the water as it glides...legs in black, standing in the knee-deep water...WE TILT UP to include the rest of this oddly casual stance - One hand shoved into trousers pockets...the elegant black shirt...the white throat...and the amused expression - of LACROIX. He stares at the body, then lifts his eyes in the direction of the ECHOEY DEPARTING FOOTFALLS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF his smile, he drops the abandoned wet surgical glove back into the water...

FADE OUT:

END TEASE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PIER - CRIMESCENE - NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS. Tape measurements being taken. Officers in uniform scanning the area. NATALIE crouches next to the corpse, two assistants standing by as she goes over the body.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - NIGHT

Nick lands softly in the darkness behind an ambulance several yards from the activity of crimescene investigation. He glances around and, frowning, heads on foot towards it.

AT THE PIER -

Schanke's car displaces a little more gravel than necessary as it pulls up. He jumps out and slams the door. As he crunches down the bank to the beach, he tugs the collar of his overcoat to expose a little more of his pajamas. He clears his throat loudly as he approaches a gathering of police officers.

SCHANKE

All right - Who wants to fill me in? I got here as fast as I could.

As he flips open his notepad, CONSTABLE RODGERS, the detective on duty, turns and looks at him askance.

RODGERS

Schanke, what the hell are you doing here? It's your day off for crying out loud.

Schanke looks at him taken aback.

SCHANKE

Gee. I wasn't aware 'day off' meant complete abandonment of every oath to serve and protect. Or that it meant I was allowed to stop being a cop and listening to my police radio as if for twenty-four hours I could just forget who I am and what I've dedicated my life to -

Rodgers looks like he's gonna puke. He turns back to the investigation while Schanke slips a couple of tickets to another officer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHANKE

(sotto)

Jays at the dome on Saturday. Section D.
Call a little earlier next time and
they're yours.

NICK

(from behind)

Nice speech.

Schanke turns to find Nick standing there.

NICK

Gonna use it at the Medal of Honor
acceptance ceremony?

SCHANKE

If I ever get there.

(annoyed; under his breath)

I thought we agreed you were going to let
me look good for a change? Remember, new
precinct, fresh start? How's my showing
up on my day off gonna get noticed if
everyone's doing it?

ANGLE ON NATALIE

She's frowning thoughtfully as she watches the two assistants
lift the the stretcher with body bag and carry it away. As
she peels off her gloves, Nick and Schanke arrive.

NICK

Hey Nat.

She looks up, her frown vanishing at the unexpected sight of
Nick.

NATALIE

I thought this was your day off.

Schanke rolls his eyes.

NICK

I - we - just stopped by to see what was
going on.

Natalie's frown returns.

NATALIE

Well, you know how to pick 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK
What do you mean?

She sighs.

NATALIE
Remember a couple of weeks ago - the dry
drowning?

NICK
You couldn't tell if it was an accident.

NATALIE
That's the one.
(beat)
Well, this is strong support for the
theory that it wasn't.

SCHANKE
Another one?

NATALIE
That ain't the half of it --

They're waiting for her to continue but she breaks off,
seeing Rodgers and his partner headed over.

NATALIE
But...I can't go into the details.
I.A.'s taking over.

Schanke and Nick react at the same time.

SCHANKE
I.A.?

NATALIE
(she nods apologetically)
Gotta go. See you later?

Nick nods and she turns to meet the two Constables. Schanke
looks at him.

SCHANKE
Internal Affairs? That means they think

NICK
That a cop did it.

SCHANKE
Man...I wonder if they know what
department he's from? Jeez. That's a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHANKE (cont'd)
 prescription for a case of the willies.
 Could even be a guy we know -
 (beat; considering)
 Or a girl we know...The Staff
 Supervisor'd make anyone think twice
 before opening a door.
 (beat)
 On the other hand - maybe opening a door
 for her now and then wouldn't be such a
 bad idea...Certainly would set me apart
 from the other officers -

OVER WHICH, WE MOVE IN on Nick's face, turning away to look
 out over the dark water - Feeling that strange feeling
 again...

EXT. BRIDGE - PARIS 1228 - NIGHT

Nick stands at the edge of the bridge, his clothes and hair
 tossed in the night wind. Slowly, he lifts his face to us as
 WE MOVE IN...and see the vampire eyes searching.

NICK
 (urgent whisper; worried)
 Where are you? Why have you left me like
 this?

LACROIX (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 I haven't left you, Nicolas. I've merely
 pushed you out of the nest. Now you must
 find me with the most important sense
 I've given you -

NICK
 I'm looking. I can't see you.

LACROIX
 Then stop using your eyes...

Slowly, Nick closes his eyes and we're back -

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Nick slowly opens his eyes. There is a new intensity in them
 now - as if he's heard something.

SCHANKE
 Well, another day, another shot at
 greatness. I just hope Myra's shopping
 channel addiction hasn't messed up my
 taping of the Flintstones marathon.
 (beat; heading off)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHANKE (cont'd)
See ya tomorrow night, partner.

NICK
Right.

And off he goes, leaving Nick to stand there, thoughtful.

EXT. THE RAVEN - NIGHT

The MUSIC POUNDS from within the walls of the club.

INT. THE RAVEN - NIGHT

MUSIC LOUDER. Nick makes his way past the writhing mass on the dance floor. He speaks into the ear of a beautiful dancer and she points -

AT THE BAR

JEANETTE, draped sensuously on a stool, sips a glass of blood-red wine and sways to the beat. Nick arrives behind her, hesitating. Without turning, she registers his presence and stiffens. Beat. She slides a hand onto her shoulder and Nick takes it...kisses it.

JANETTE
Nicolas...

She turns, accusation and gladness in her eyes.

JANETTE
It's been -- weeks.

NICK
Months actually, my darling...

JANETTE
Oh...
(beat; eyes narrowing)
Then I'm even more upset with you. And
that's what you get for living mortal
time.

She slides off the stool to go behind the bar but Nick stops her, leaning in close, unsettling her.

NICK
What if I said I've missed you?

She tries not to melt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANETTE

I wouldn't believe it. No, Nicolas. I can see it in your face. You seem more mortal than ever. I barely felt you when you came in.

NICK

(pleased)

Really?

She pulls her arm away. Her annoyance is wearing off in spite of herself. She levels a look at him.

JANETTE

You didn't come here to share a glass of blood...so why did you come?

Nick meets her frank look. Beat. He tenses slightly.

NICK

Someone's looking for me.

JANETTE

Who?

NICK

One of us. It's very faint but I can feel it...like it's hanging back, waiting...I wondered -

JANETTE

If I'd sent someone? No.

(beat)

No, I've left you alone. I've known for a long while that you are a lost cause..for now.

Nick considers this for a moment.

NICK

And you haven't heard of anyone else -

Janette shrugs.

JANETTE

I'd have told them not to waste their time.

(beat)

And if they'd persisted...I'd have told them to wait a decade or two...catch you between acts, when your indelible youth forces you to move on.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANETTE (cont'd)

It's a noble idea, Nick...that you can make up for all the lives you've taken, by playing cop.

She's playing with fire. He stares at her.

NICK

Noble? I don't think so, Janette - Selfish...maybe.

(closer;intense)

Because every murderer I put behind bars...is a stake through the heart of something I don't want to be anymore.

She stares back at him. His passion and controlled anger unnerve her. Beat. She lifts her chin, as defiantly as she dares -

JANETTE

Then enjoy it while it lasts. After all, it's a plaything like any other, a mortal lifetime...

(beat)

And all playthings wear out eventually.

He moves her hand away and a look of satisfaction crosses her face. She's gotten to him.

EXT. TORONTO - DAY

The sun slides up into the sky and down behind the CN tower, splattering the sky with blood-red as it splashes into the horizon.

INT. NICK'S LOFT - BEDROOM - DUSK

Nick lies on his back in bed, one arm draped over his chest. His head moves slightly as he dreams disturbed dreams...

LACROIX (O.S.)

(eerie;whispery)

Wake up, my child...Wake up to what you are. You've been asleep too long...

Nick's eyes open. He sits up in bed to look around. Beat. Very still, he listens. Nothing. He relaxes. Rubs his face.

INT. NICK'S LOFT - DUSK

Nick straps on his holster...reaches for his badge and keys and...something else that isn't there. He frowns. Looks around for it. He rubs a finger absently as he casts a

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puzzled eye over the surfaces of his place. The PHONE RINGS. He listens as he checks his paint table.

THE LIGHT on his machine go on as --

NICK (V.O.)

(from the machine)

This is Nick Knight. I'm not in - or I'm asleep. Leave a message and don't take it personally.

SCHANKE (V.O.)

(from machine)

You up yet? If not, Rise and Shine. You're missing out on the excitement -

Nick answers the cordless phone and the machine cuts off.

NICK

(into phone)

Where are you, Schanke?

INT. PRECINCT - DUSK

Schanke at his desk.

SCHANKE

(into phone)

Where do you think I am?

(loudly; looking around)

I came in early to see if I could be of any help to my fellow officers.

(sotto)

And I got some scoop on the I.A. investigation.

NICK

Huh?

SCHANKE

Hello? Were you sleep-walking last night? The dry-drowning.

INTERCUT - NICK

NICK

Oh. Right. I thought Rodgers and Wilkins were handling that.

Nick walks around his apartment with his cordless phone in hand, still preoccupied. He moves to another drawer and combs through it while he's talking to Schanke.

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CONTINUED:

SCHANKE

Yeah, well listen to this: They say it's a guy in our precinct for sure. This morning a jogger found the detachable hood off a T.O.P.D. rainshell.

(beat)

When are you coming in, anyway?

NICK

Soon...I have a couple of errands to do first.

SCHANKE

You sound funny.

Nick stops what he's doing.

NICK

Do I? Uh...No, I seem to have misplaced something, that's all.

SCHANKE

It's old age setting in buddy, it happens to everyone.

Nick smiles at the irony.

NICK

I'll see you in a while.

He clicks the phone off, then stares for a moment at the open drawer.

EXT. NICK'S BUILDING - LATE DUSK

The garage door opens slowly...Nick's Caddie gleams. His headlights go on and he drives out.

INT. NICK'S CADDIE - NIGHT

Nick concentrates as he drives. The night lights of the city go by.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Caddie cruises.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A PAIR OF FEET come into frame. TILT UP...to include the back of a dark blue nylon rainshell with its hood pulled up over the head.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

AN EERIE WATCHING POV - down into the alley...SEEING the hooded figure below as he moves to the wall and peers around a corner --- WE ROTATE to look over the other edge of the building...SEE DOWN into another alley -- two more figures...

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A PROSTITUTE stands talking to a JUNKIE. (NOTE: dialogue is for production purposes. We hear only bits of it.)

PROSTITUTE
So how you doing Tommy?

JUNKIE
O.K...Hangin' in there. Just trying to keep warm.

As drugs and money exchange hands -

PROSTITUTE
I hear ya...Seen any of the old guys around?

ANGLE ON THE HOODED WATCHER

As he ducks back around the corner and slides down the wall, trembling, BREATHING HARD...in wait.

INTERCUT - ROOFTOP

Lacroix takes of.

INT. NICK'S CADDIE - NIGHT

Nick scans the streets, looking. His carphone RINGS.

NICK
(into phone)
Knight here.

NATALIE (V.O.)
(through phone)
Nick, it's me.

He smiles.

NICK
Hi, there.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Natalie's got the phone cord stretched to its max as she bends over a body on her exam table. In the background, GRACE assists.

NATALIE

(into phone)

Nick, I wanted to apologize. I didn't mean to cut you guys off the other night when you showed up at the pier.

NICK

I don't know what you mean.

NATALIE

Well...I was kind of abrupt. You know, when I said I.A. was taking over the investigation - I don't know - I'm just afraid I came off sounding...rude.

Nick smiles to himself at Natalie's concern.

NICK

Well...I was a little hurt.

She can hear the amusement in his voice.

NATALIE

Now you're making fun of me. That's what I get for listening to Schanke.

NICK

Schanke?

NATALIE

He said you'd been acting strange. He didn't make a big deal of it or anything...

(beat)

So your friends care about you. So sue us..

He's touched.

NICK

I'm fine. Just dealing with something right now. How about if I stop by later and watch you drink a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE
(smiling)
Sounds good.

INT. PRECINCT - STAFF SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Schanke, sleeves rolled up, is standing on a chair washing windows.

Staff Supervisor EARLA BIGELOW, 45, taps ashes from her fifth cigarette of the night as she scans a report.

BIGELOW
(without looking up)
You'll tell me if the smoke is bothering
you, won't you, Constable Schanke?

He smiles weakly.

SCHANKE
I'm finished anyway.
(beat; hesitant)
Can I get down now?

BIGELOW
(still reading)
Constable, you can get down anytime you
like. You're the one who suggested I
find you something to do.

He steps down, balling up the rag in his hands and giving her wide berth as he goes to the door.

SCHANKE
If you need anything else, Supervisor...

BIGELOW
Your shift's starting now, isn't it?

SCHANKE
Yes, I believe it is -

BIGELOW
Then I'm sure you have your hands full
already.

He nods and turns to go -

BIGELOW
And Constable?

Schanke turns, almost dreading. She looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW

Next time you decide to impress me, do it
on paid time.

Her PHONE RINGS and he's dismissed.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Schanke, coming out of the office, is greeted by a hail of
paper towels, rags, kleenexes. SEVERAL OFFICERS stand around
grinning.

OFFICER #1

Hey Schanke - My car needs a polish.

SCHANKE

Very funny.

BIGELOW appears at the door, all business..

BIGELOW

Somebody go find Rodgers and Wilkins.
Tell 'em we just got an anonymous tip -

The room springs into action.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Nick's caddie cruises.

INT. NICK'S CADDIE - NIGHT

Nick is driving along, listening...as he scans the street he
hears snatches of MUFFLED CONVERSATION...Suddenly, piercing
through - comes A SCREAM. Nick slams on the brakes -

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nick jumps out of the Caddie and dashes off down an alley.
Looking around, he lifts off.

EXT. ALLEYWAY NIGHT

Violent movement behind a dumpster. Another MUFFLED SCREAM
and a box comes skittering out. Beat. Then the struggle
goes silent. The hooded Man comes out from behind the
dumpster and takes off into the darkness - disappearing at
the end of the alley as POLICE SIRENS draw near in the
background.

Beat. Nick drops from the sky into the alley. HE HEARS a
HEARTBEAT slowing to nothing...dashes in the direction of it.
- He grips the huge dumpster and wrenches it aside.

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CONTINUED:

There, in a shallow puddle, face down...the body of the prostitute. He dives for her, dragging her limp form into his arms. Dead. His eyes blaze with vamp fury.

Nick jumps to his feet to take off after the perp. He takes two steps and -

VOICE (O.S.)

Police! Freeze !

Nick whips around, shields his eyes from the flashlights. Rodgers, gun pointed right at him, and Wilkins, with two uniformed officers block one end of the alley.

NICK

The perp's on foot heading east -

RODGERS

Toss your weapon on the ground.

NICK

What? Rodgers, it's me - Knight -

RODGERS

Do as I say!

Confused, Nick complies, tossing his gun and raising his hands. One of the cops scoops up the gun while the other one pushes Nick to the wall to search him.

Wilkins goes over to the body and feels for a pulse.

WILKINS

No pulse.

Rodgers comes over and looks down.

NICK

I got here too late. She was already dead.

ANGLE ON THE VICTIM'S HAND

clenched shut. Rodgers pries open the fingers and pulls something out.

He straightens with the found object. Looks at Nick.

RODGERS

Officer Knight I'm placing you under arrest for murder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nick stares in disbelief. Rodgers holds up the object.

RODGERS

If she was already dead, how'd she get
this off your finger?

NICK'S POLICE COLLEGE RING. Off Nick's look ---

A ROOF TOP far above --

Lacroix moves away from the ledge, eyes twinkling with mirth.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Nick, stone-faced, sits at one end of the table while Rodgers and Wilkins take his statement. His court-appointed LAWYER sits nearby.

RODGERS

Where were you on the nights of March fifth and seventeenth?

NICK

At home.

RODGERS

Anyone you know of that can corroborate that story?

NICK

No, unfortunately. I live alone.

WILKINS

But you weren't at home the entire night of the seventeenth, were you? You were at the scene of a murder.

Nick rubs his eyes.

NICK

I live nearby. I went over to find out what was happening.

RODGERS

Yet you didn't drive your car. You were on foot when you arrived.

NICK

I - ran over...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schanke stands watching with several OFFICERS from behind the dark glass. He shakes his head, mystified.

SCHANKE

This isn't happening.

OFFICER #1

Hard to believe, I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHANKE

Try impossible. Nick's not some cold-blooded murderer.

Someone places an understanding hand on his shoulder.

OFFICER #2

It must be rough. Him being your partner and all.

He wheels on them, incensed.

SCHANKE

You guys don't actually think Nick's guilty, do you?

(beat)

Call up our old precinct and see how many times Nick saved someone's ass over there. Or cracked some case that had everyone else stumped.

Schanke waits. Uneasy looks all around.

OFFICER #2

I've heard he was a good cop. And a good guy, too.

SCHANKE

Is. Is a good cop and a good guy.

OFFICER #3

On the other hand...A couple of us were there, Schanke. And...the victim did have Nick's police college ring in her very tightly clenched fist.

MURMURS of consideration...Schanke glares at him.

SCHANKE

I rode a lotta miles with that guy in there. I'm telling you this is some kind of mistake.

With that, he slams out.

INT. PRECINCT - LOCKUP - NIGHT

CLANG - The bars are locked from the outside. Nick stands staring off into space. His Lawyer hangs back after the guards have gone.

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CONTINUED:

LAWYER

The judge hasn't set bail yet so -

NICK

Don't hold your breath.

LAWYER

Well. In any case, I'll be back tomorrow morning. We can get started preparing your case right away.

Nick nods without seeing her.

LAWYER

Try to get some sleep.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Nick -

He turns to see Natalie arrive as his Lawyer is leaving. The guard opens the cell to let her in. She's carrying her medical case.

NICK

(re;the case;wry)

This isn't my pre-execution examination, is it?

NATALIE

Would you settle for a DNA test?

NICK

DNA? But you need samples for that. I thought -

NATALIE

The first two victims didn't have fingernails like the last one did. I found what may be some of the killer's skin under one of them.

NICK

That's great news - The test'll prove I'm innocent.

Natalie doesn't look so sure.

NICK

What is it? What's wrong?

NATALIE

...It's not going to be quite that simple.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE (cont'd)

(beat)

Nick, I can't send your tissue sample to the lab.

NICK

Why not?

NATALIE

Because there'd be a team of medical researchers over here so fast...

(delicately)

Your flesh - isn't normal...Look, I won't bother counting the hours I've put into looking at it under a microscope in pursuit of the ever elusive 'cure'...but suffice it to say...there's nothing quite like it. It's like some kind of... flexible alabaster or something.

NICK

So you can't do the test.

NATALIE

I didn't say that, did I?

Resolute, she takes his arm.

NICK

What are you going to do?

She reaches for the instruments.

NATALIE

I'll think of something. In the meantime, how about telling me how all this happened.

NICK

I'm not exactly sure. I think it was a set up.

NATALIE

The forensic evidence in all three cases points to a cop. You think the person who set you up could be another cop?

NICK

Not another cop...Another vampire.

Natalie looks up from the procedure, frowning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

For days I've felt it watching - Like it was waiting for something...And it's the only way my ring could've been taken.

She stares.

NATALIE

Why? Why would another vampire-

NICK

(beat)

Call it lifestyle prejudice.

OFF NICK's thoughtful stare --

EXT. TAPESTRIED ROOM - PARIS, 1228 - NIGHT

Candlelight flickers on the thick walls...Plays on the pale skin, the two thin trickles of blood on the neck of a beautiful - dead - woman.

Nick, standing over her, stares emptily into space. He wipes at the blood on his mouth. Lacroix, leaning in beside him, speaks softly.

LACROIX

Now feel it filling your veins, Nicolas.

Nick looks at the blood on his hands and a look of horror dawns.

NICK

What have I done?

LACROIX

Not what you've done, my sweet...what I've done. I've given you a gift, Nicholas. The gift of immortality. Isn't that what all men want?.... Be glad I've made you what you are.

NICK

What...What am I?

LACROIX

You are my protégé.

NICK

You mean your slave.

Lacroix looks at him with loving reproach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LACROIX

(after a beat;gently)

Then I am also your slave, for I am bound to you now - Promised to you as your eternal teacher...that I might show you all there is to know about what you are.

Nick turns frightened eyes to him.

LACROIX

Let your mortal life go Nicolas. You can never go back to that place...Soon you will not want to.

INT. LOCKUP - NIGHT

ON NICK as the memory fades. He turns away from her, rolling his sleeve back down as she tucks the vial in her case.

NICK

How wrong he was.

NATALIE

Who?

NICK

(shaking his head)

Someone who doesn't exist anymore.

(beat;turning)

Nat, I've worked so hard...Your concoctions, experiments - they're important to me...but that's not what keeps me going.

NICK

I know, Nick.

NICK

Being a cop...it's the only good I've ever done - I'm not ready to give it up.

She takes his hand, tries in spite of her own worry to sound reassuring.

NATALIE

You won't have to. Not if I have anything to do with it.

EXT. TORONTO - DAY

The sun hangs in the middle of the sky.

INT. NICK'S LOFT - DAY

SCREECH -- the industrial blinds are pulled open to let daylight in on the strange apartment. The place is teeming with cops, combing, searching...

Constable Rodgers examines an antique cup while another Officer pokes along the fireplace mantle.

OFFICER #1

I always wondered what his place was like.

RODGERS

Yeah, well there's a lot of tiny crevices the search warrant doesn't include so watch where you look.

SCHANKE (O.S.)

(from the door)

'Watch it' is right.

They look up to see Schanke standing in the doorway, dismayed.

SCHANKE (O.S.)

Oh, man. Nick would not be happy about this.

RODGERS

(weary)

Barnes, who let him up here?

SCHANKE

No one had to 'let' me up here, Rodgers. In case you've forgotten, Nick is my partner.

He rescues a vase from the clumsy grasp of an officer.

SCHANKE

I'm here to make sure you guys don't trash the place.

He gives the Officer a glare and carefully replaces the vase on the mantle. From across the room -

OFFICER #2

Hey - What's this?

He's holding up a small statue. Schanke hurries over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHANKE
(taking it from him)
If you don't mind.
(to Rodgers)
Are you in control of this search or
should I get my daughter's class in here
for a tour while we're at it? I mean,
come on! This is a world-class
collection of artifacts, meticulously
displayed -

Someone opens up a closet stuffed to the rafters with
artifacts, authentic historical clothes and old papers.

SCHANKE
(beat)
It's actually a very sophisticated
cataloging system.

RODGERS
Yeah. Right.

Rodgers' eyes come to rest on the half-finished painting
standing on the easel. Beat. They both stare at it, then at
each other.

SCHANKE
OK...I'll admit it, he's got an eccentric
side. But that still doesn't make him a-

OFFICER #1
(interrupting; from the
refrigerator)
Hey .. ahhh....Does anybody have any idea
why this guy would keep blood in his
refrigerator?

SCHANKE
Blood?

OFFICER #3
Yeah, blood.

SCHANKE
Blood?

Off his expression --

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Grace is at the computer when Natalie comes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Hi, Dr. Lambert. I didn't expect to see you in until tonight.

NATALIE

I didn't want to lose another day before sending in the samples for the DNA workup.

GRACE

How's he doing?

NATALIE

Anxious to get out. Did you get the other samples for the double blind?

Grace stands and goes to a specimen drawer.

GRACE

Right here. All three.

She pulls out three sealed glass tubes and holds out her hand for Natalie's tube.

GRACE

If you give me Nick's sample I'll package them up and get them on their way.

Natalie hesitates.

NATALIE

Hmm. Three samples, huh?

GRACE

Frank the janitor, Ed the night clerk and myself.

NATALIE

You know, Grace...I think we'd better take one more just to be sure. After what happened last month - well, I'd rather not risk the delay a contaminated sample could cause.

GRACE

If you think so -

The door opens and in comes MORRIS the morgue attendant with a gurney.

NATALIE

Perfect timing, Morris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

Huh?

Before he knows what's going on, Nat's got his arm and Grace is rubbing his back, soothingly.

NATALIE

We've found the ambush approach works best in these cases. It might sting a little.

MORRIS

(nervous)

You're taking a sample? - What for?

NATALIE

Nick's DNA test.

MORRIS

I don't know - I get squeamish -

NATALIE

(releasing him)

Done. It's over.

He stares at his thumb. Natalie reaches over with a bandaid while Grace deposits the sample in a tube and letters on it.

GRACE

Your contribution to justice will be remembered.

Morris smiles awkwardly.

MORRIS

Well, that's okay then.

NATALIE

Thanks.

He leaves. Grace reaches for Natalie's sample of Nick.

GRACE

Here, I'll -

NATALIE

Oh, I don't mind. That is, if you don't mind checking on the Johanssen PC boost.

GRACE

Sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Natalie's nod, she exits. Natalie watches the door swing shut. Beat. Checking to make sure Grace is gone, she moves into action.

ANGLE ON TABLE

As Natalie spreads out the tubes and sorts them...She peels off the blind labels to reveal the names underneath. Then, peeling off the label on Morris Stanley's sample, she replaces it with Nick's label and reapplies the blind seals.

Looking around once more, she drops Nick's sample in the MEDICAL WASTE receptacle - and packages up the four remaining tubes with a sigh of relief.

OFF HER DETERMINED EXPRESSION ---

INT. PRECINCT - LOCKUP - NIGHT

The GUARD opens Nick's cell and approaches the tray. It hasn't been touched. Nick smiles apologetically at him.

GUARD

Still not eating? It's been two weeks.
You're not on a hunger strike, are you?

NICK

Don't worry, George. Dr. Lambert's been
making sure I get my nutrition.

The Guard glances with trepidation at the glass of green slime sitting by his cot.

GUARD

Between you and me - I think I'd take the
prison food.

NICK

(wry)
I probably would too.

GUARD

(beat)
Well, I'll let you get some rest. I hope
you get out soon, Officer Knight. And
just so you know - there's lots of us
that think it's a travesty you're in here
to begin with.

NICK

Thank you, George. That's good to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Guard exits. Beat. Nick lies down on the cot to stare up at the ceiling. A sound makes him sit up. He reacts at the sight of -

JANETTE

Hello, Nicolas.

She moves past the bars, slowly, almost drifting...

NICK

How did you get in?

JANETTE

Don't tell me you've forgotten everything about being a vampire...

NICK

Someone could've seen you -

JANETTE

Well they didn't - Or, at least...they won't remember they did.

She flashes her eyes to make the point.

NICK

What do you want?

JANETTE

I've come to escort you to your senses - so to speak.

(beat)

I want you to leave with me.

NICK

Leave?

JANETTE

Come on, Nick. What will it take to convince you? It's over for you here.

(beat)

Do you know how ridiculous you look sitting in there as if those bars were any kind of obstacle?

NICK

I'm not giving up. They can't prove I'm guilty.

JANETTE

(pouting)

You mean you're not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stares at her, eyes narrowing.

NICK

God help me, Jeanette, if you know
anything about this. - About who set me
up -

She considers him and steps closer, slipping a hand between
the bars to touch his face.

JANETTE

Dear Nicolas...I won't deny I want you
that badly. But I'd have done it so I
could have you myself.

(beat)

This way, you have to leave...all of us.

She backs up, as if startled by his expression.

JANETTE

Well, surely you won't think of staying
in this city! Not with your face on
every post office wall. Surely you
wouldn't put the rest of us at risk that
way -

Off his cold stare --- A CLANG as someone opens the door to
the lockup.

NICK

Hide -

Jeannette doesn't need to be told. She melts into the
shadows as the small group arrives.

Among them - Nick's Lawyer. Nick moves to them, suddenly
anxious.

NICK

What is it?

LAWYER

Nick, I've got bad news. I'm here to
inform you of the D.A.'s plans to move
you to a maximum security lockup at the
courthouse to await trial -

NICK

What about the DNA test results? I
thought agreed to wait for those -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWYER

(beat;this is hard)

They came back an hour ago.

(beat)

Nick, your test was a positive match.

In the shadows, Jeanette stifles a small gasp of surprise.

OFF NICK'S sudden frown ---

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PRECINCT LOCK UP - EARLY MORNING

Double steel doors stencilled: NO UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY. BOOM
- They open. WITH NICK, cuffed and agitated, as he's led
towards a grey van.

NICK
Are you sure Dr. Lambert hasn't tried to
contact me -

The SECOND GUARD shrugs and shakes his head. Without
answering, he and the DRIVER 'help' him in and slam the
doors.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

The van moves through the early commuter traffic.

INT. POLICE VAN - MORNING.

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR - the two squares of light. TILT UP TO
FIND NICK, shrinking away, pressed against the side. He
glances at the light...and makes a decision. Slowly moving
his eyes, he finds the Second Guard's.

The Second Guard makes the mistake of looking at his prisoner
and finds his eyes locked with Nick's. Beat. He seems
unable to pull away. They glaze over.

NICK
(softly;concentrating)
Tell the driver to pull over.

Beat. Without moving his eyes -

SECOND GUARD
Pull over...

DRIVER
What?

NICK
(urgently;whispering)
You gotta stop. Right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND GUARD

(urgent)

You gotta stop. Right now.

DRIVER

Whatever you say -

Shaking his head, mystified, he does it anyway -

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The van pulls a sharp swerve into a curb and halts. Beat.

ANGLE ON REAR DOORS - BOOM. They fly open and Nick is out in a blur, wrenching his hands free of the cuffs, shielding his face from the light.

The mangled cuffs skid to a stop on the sidewalk.

ON NICK

As he frantically tries to escape the morning sun's rays. He grabs a newspaper from a trash can and, covering his head - disappears around a corner.

NATALIE (V.O.)

What? Oh my God -

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Nat, still in her purse and coat as if she'd just arrived, holds the phone, stricken.

NATALIE

(continuing; into phone)

When?

Grace looks up, concerned at her panicked tone.

GRACE

Dr. Lambert, what is it?

NATALIE

(breathing hard)

God, this is all my fault - No - Thank you for telling me -

She hangs up, color drained from her face.

GRACE

What's happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE
Everything.

She buries her face in her hands. Grace stares at her.

INT. MORGUE RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

BOOM -- A FILE DRAWER marked "EMPLOYEE RECORDS" is yanked open.

Natalie searches frantically through. In the background, Grace enters.

NATALIE
What was his last name, Grace? The - the attendant we took that fourth sample from - For Nick's double-blind.

GRACE
Smith.

NATALIE
Damn! Why isn't it in here?

GRACE
If your looking for his file - it's right here -

She picks it up off a desk.

GRACE
He quit two weeks ago.

Off Natalie's face --

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Cops are scrambling, phones are RINGING. FIND Rodgers leaning on the edge of a desk speaking into one.

RODGERS
(into phone)
That's right - All the old haunts. I want 'em all covered -

INT. PRECINCT - BIGELOW' OFFICE - DAY

Schanke's slouched in the chair across from the Supervisor.

SCHANKE
I'm telling you the truth. He hasn't contacted me. I have no idea where he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW

Concealing a suspected felon is serious business, Constable. I'm sure I don't have to remind you of that...or of what's at stake for you if you forget it.

OFF Schanke's worried look.

EXT. PRECINCT - DUSK

Cop cars pour out of the station, sirens blaring.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A GRATE pops off its bracket and Nick crawls out of the small space. He dusts himself off and looks around. The sky is almost dark.

CLOSE ON NICK'S FEET

As he lifts off --

EXT. ROOFTOP - DUSK

Wind tosses Nick's clothes as he lands on the heliport of an office tower. He moves to the edge of the building and pauses, surveying the city below.

NICK

(under his breath)

Time to come out, whoever you are...

Off his clenched jaw --

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - PARIS 1228 - NIGHT

Nick looks around desperately.

NICK

(hoarse whisper)

Come back! Come back to me!

EXT. ANOTHER DARK ALLEYWAY - PARIS - NIGHT

PAN INTO THE SHADOWS TO FIND Lacroix...his ear pressed against a wall, white claw of a hand spread on the rough bricks...

LACROIX

Listen Nicolas...Just listen.

INTERCUT - NICK

His head snaps around at the sound.

NICK
(whispering; desperate)
What - Where are you?

INTERCUT - LACROIX

Lacroix closing his eyes.

LACROIX
(softly)
Let it come to you.

He opens his eyes and they glow yellow.

INTERCUT - NICK

Moved as if by a jolt of physical force. His eyes glow yellow too.

NICK
Yes - I felt it!

INTERCUT - LACROIX

LAUGHING to himself.

LACROIX
Then follow it. Follow it's vibration...
It's the force that joins us...That makes
us what we are...

EXT. ROOFTOP - THE PRESENT - DUSK

Nick opens his eyes.

NICK
(whispering)
But where is it now?

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Nick lands softly on the building across from the Raven.
Immediately he sees it -

NICK'S POV -

Squad cars on every corner around the club. A stakeout.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nick straightens.

DJ'S VOICE
(from radio)
...expecting a low tonight of minus two
celsius...

Nick snaps his head around. A small, abandoned transistor
radio sits on the roof behind him.

DJ'S VOICE
That's three degrees higher than
yesterday...This is the Nightcrawler and
though it's not swimming weather yet...

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The DJ turns from the on air mike. It's LACROIX.

LACROIX
(pause;leering)
You're getting warm...

EXT. ROOFTOP

Off Nick's deep frown --

EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Nat corners Schanke on his way out. She almost scares the
wits out of him.

NATALIE
Schanke, I have to talk to you. It's
urgent.

SCHANKE
Are you okay?

NATALIE
No, I'm not okay. I made a terrible
mistake.

INT. SCHANKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Schanke listens while Natalie explains, glancing uneasily
towards the lighted windows of the precinct from time to time

SCHANKE
You what!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

(distraught)

It seemed like the only way. If the lab
got hold of a real tissue sample of
Nick's -

(searching)

Well, that would be the end of his
career.

SCHANKE

Wow...I knew his sun allergy was serious
but I never knew it was that serious -
What did you call it again -
Hematomillapsia?

She nods, relieved that he's buying it.

NATALIE

And that's why you have to find Morris
Smith. So they can test him and prove
him guilty without having to test Nick
again.

SCHANKE

And you're sure this is the guy -

NATALIE

Not only am I positive about the test -
It makes perfect sense. All the victims
were drug dealers... Morris's brother
died of an O.D. about a year ago...I did
the autopsy.

SCHANKE

You? So our guy was there when his
brother came in?

(off her nod)

I guess that'd be enough to send him over
the edge.

(thinking)

What about the ring?

NATALIE

Nick thinks it was planted. Who knows
why he picked Nick -

(beat)

So will you do it?

SCHANKE

(hesitant)

Man, I'm supposed to be on paid leave...
If I get caught -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

I don't know who else to turn to.

She hands him the file. Beat. He chews his lip.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Bigelow lets the blind fall back over the window. Her brow is furrowed deeply as she thinks. She presses her intercom.

BIGELOW

Rodgers. I want a tail put on Constable Schanke.

She stubs out her cigarette.

EXT. TORONTO - AERIAL POV - NIGHT

Lights of the city streak by below.

EXT. PIER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Nick drops down to earth from out of the sky. He scans the water, frustrated - then, turning, freezes ---

NICK'S POV

A billboard, several yards away, advertizing perfume. A woman, head bent back, touching a crystal wand to her exposed throat.

Nick's vamp eyes BLAZE as he peers through the dark distance-

At TWO RAGGED HOLES torn in her throat.

WHOOSH -- Nick takes off.

EXT. BILLBOARD - NIGHT

WHOOSH - Nick lands on the narrow scaffolding, hugging the enormous surface...he moves to the two holes - touches their ragged edges...and looks through one --

THROUGH HOLE

A shack of a house, barely standing, squeezed between two warehouses - comes into view. We hear the BUZZ suddenly.

With a GROWL, Nick launches, smashing through the billboard -

EXT. WHARF DISTRICT - SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

STEADICAM SWOOP...as WE APPROACH...banking to the left and right to slip between the buildings all around....heading for a lighted window. SMASH -- THE WINDOW SHATTERS before us --

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Morris Smith turns in shock to see --

Nick, braced to fight - equally surprised -

MORRIS

Who are -

Nick steps forward - eyes blazing with outrage -

NICK

What kind of trick is this?

Morris backs up against another window, terrified - Nick takes in the room with its walls plastered with slogans and articles "JOIN THE WAR ON DRUGS" and "JUST SAY NO", etc.

He moves to Morris with lightning speed, teeth bared.

NICK

You're a mortal!

Morris trembles in confusion.

SCHANKE (O.S.)

(from the door)

Freeze!

Nick and Morris turn at the same time to see --

SCHANKE, gun pointed. He falters when he sees Nick, almost drops the gun in surprise.

SCHANKE

Nick?

Nick hides his face to calm the vamp. Schanke steps forward, uncomprehending.

SCHANKE

What are you doing here?

But Morris hasn't waited around to hear. He's taken advantage of the momentary confusion - and jumped out the opposite window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODGERS (V.O.)
(from outside; thru megaphone)
Schanke...Knight...We know you're in
there. We have you surrounded.

Schanke's eyes go wide. Nick goes very still.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Morris disappears down a rain gutter in the alley.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Schanke and Nick.

RODGERS (V.O.)
(continued)
It's over, boys. Give yourselves up.

OFF SCHANKE's look of horror and dismay -

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

PULL BACK from a flashing cherry. More cops have arrived. An unmarked car pulls up quickly. Bigelow gets out and slams the door. She approaches Rodgers and takes the megaphone from him.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Schanke and Nick crouch low facing each other in Morris' strange anti-drug shrine.

NICK
I didn't kill anyone, Schanke.

SCHANKE
I know. It was him, right? The guy who just got away -

NICK
(confused)
It was?

SCHANKE
Well you must've known he was the one Nat switched your sample with - Isn't that why you're here?

Nick swallows.

SCHANKE
She told me everything.

Beat. Nick stares.

NICK
She did.

SCHANKE
Yeah, that Hema... Hema...
whatever.....Your skin condition.

Nick's relief is interrupted by-

BIGELOW (V.O.)
(thru megaphone)
Knight. Schanke. This is Supervisor Bigelow. It's over, boys. Surrender while you still can and make this easy on all of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Schanke looks like he's going to wet his pants.

SCHANKE

Great! Now what do we do?

NICK

I let you arrest me.

He starts to stand. Schanke pulls him back down.

SCHANKE

You can't do that - That way nobody wins. The perp gets away, you take the test again and lose your job -

NICK

No, Schanke. That way at least you don't end up in jail, too.

It almost looks like it'll turn into a fight.

SCHANKE

(blurting it out)

So what. The career's shot anyway - and jail'll be a picnic compared to what Myra'll have in store when she finds out she's now married to a grocery clerk.

Nick looks at him. He's scared - but he really means it.

SCHANKE

I mean it. We're almost out of time. We gotta get Morris before they get us. It's the only shot worth going for.

NICK

You're sure?

SCHANKE

Yeah.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick and Schanke come out in one simultaneous blur, diving for the manhole.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DOCK - NIGHT

Morris climbs out of a manhole and stops, breathing heavily, to look around. He turns a corner and moves on.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The cops burst in and find the room empty.

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

Nick and Schanke run as hard as they can. Nick slows and pulls Schanke to a stop.

SCHANKE

What?

NICK

I can hear his footsteps -

MOVE IN ON NICK, listening...WE HEAR THEM TOO. He points above. They change direction and take off again.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

POP - Off comes the manhole cover. Nick and Schanke climb out. Schanke, breathless, notices Nick's complete lack of exertion.

NICK

The docks. You go that way. I'll see if I can flush him out.

They take off in different directions.

ANOTHER ALLEY -

Nick turns a corner and skids to a halt. There it is - THE BUZZ --- ZOOM IN on his face. His eyes blaze. Beat. He takes off upwards.

INTERCUT - SCHANKE

Running along the loading bays of warehouses, gun drawn.

EXT. WAREHOUSE LOADING AREA - NIGHT

Nick lands on rotted planks and listens like an animal stalking its prey.

LACROIX

Nicolas.

He wheels around and freezes. Lacroix smiles and holds out his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LACROIX

I knew you still had it in you -

Nick struggles to find words -

NICK

(still in shock)

Lacroix -

LACROIX

Well, you must've had some idea it was me.

INTERCUT - RAPID FIRE MONTAGE - FLASHBACK FROM PILOT EPISODE

- Nick strikes Lacroix
- Lacroix thrown through the air.
- Lacroix impaled on a meat hook

INTERCUT - PRESENT DAY - NICK

NICK

...Not in a million years.

Lacroix feigns surprise.

LACROIX

You didn't actually believe you'd killed me, did you?

NICK

(still stunned)

It was you - all along -

LACROIX

With a little help from my new friend -
(beat)

Or was it I who helped him?...Oh, what's the point of quibbling over technicalities? The point is...He was perfectly convenient.

(beat; smiling)

All I had to do was plant your ring and lead you to him!

Nick can only stare.

LACROIX

And...In case you're wondering why I've gone to so much trouble...I've decided to give you a second chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nick can barely contain his building rage.

NICK

The only second chance I want is the one
I've given myself.

Lacroix darkens.

LACROIX

(snarling)

The only anything you get is what I give
you. I made you, remember?

NICK

What you made was a mistake.

Nick springs on him, teeth bared, eyes flashing yellow.
Lacroix is caught off guard. His roar ECHOES through the
empty building.

WHAM - Nick throws Lacroix against the wall. CRAAACK -
Lacroix smashes Nick with a broken timber. Nick flies at him
again, furious.

INTERCUT - PIER

Schanke reaches the water's edge by a loading platform. The
loud CRACK from within the warehouse makes him turn. He's
about to head in that direction when the SCREECH of tires
stops him -

ANGLE ON COPS

As the cars pull up in the distance.

RAPID FOOTSTEPS and Schanke turns - Morris comes tearing out
of a building. He sees Schanke and stops. Schanke takes off
after him and Morris, having no other choice, heads for the
pier.

INTERCUT - NICK

Lacroix flies at him. Nick moves away just in time, reaching
for two broken pieces of wood.

Lacroix whirls on him and stops, eyes BLAZING -

NICK holds the wood in the shape of a cross. Lacroix screams
and covers his eyes.

CLOSE ON NICK'S HANDS - smoke curls up from his grasp as he
fights to hold on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With an anguished SCREAM, Lacroix shoots up, smashing through a skylight. As the shards rain down on Nick, he drops the wood, wincing with pain.

MORRIS (O.S.)

Stay away!

Nick's head snaps up

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Morris stands on the pier, small against the liquid reflections of dock lights on the lake. Schanke approaches slowly.

EXT. WAREHOUSES - NIGHT

The other cops are moving in.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Morris reaches the edge of the pier, the frigid black harbor water 20 feet below.

He stares down at the water, shivering. He glances over his shoulder at the line of police cars pulling up at the edge of the pier. When he looks back down -

He startles -

NICK

below him, clings to a ladder on one of the pilings.

Morris looks at him, dazed.

NICK

It's over...Don't jump.

MORRIS

(shaking his head)

I was only trying to help. There were too many of them -

(pleading)

Every night - more. Old men...young girls...boys. They - they looked so helpless lying there.

NICK

I know. I've seen them, too.

Morris' face dissolves in misery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS

In bags. In bags...I couldn't take it
anymore. Just like my brother.

NICK

Step back from the edge, okay? Go back.

A CRACK of wood - one misstep - he turns. Schanke is
standing there, frozen. Fifty yards away, a battalion of
police waits.

MORRIS

Stay away from me.

Schanke's eyes widen as he catches sight of Nick -

SCHANKE

(incredulous)

Nick? How the hell did you -

ANGLE ON LAND

A squad car pulls up and Bigelow gets out. An officer hands
her a megaphone.

BIGELOW' POV

Two figures at the end of the pier.

BIGELOW

(through meg)

Come off the pier.

EXT. EDGE OF PIER - NIGHT

Schanke looks at Nick and Morris....Morris stares at the
water below... A tension filled pause, then Morris
surrenders, slumping to his knees on the deck.

Schanke moves quickly to the edge and grabs him.

MORRIS

I was only trying to help.

The line of cops mobilizes. They swarm down the pier.

SCHANKE

Don't shoot! Everything's under control.

Bigelow arrives with the rest, staring, incredulous when she
sees Morris with the cuffs on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW
That isn't Knight. Where's Knight?

Schanke turns -

The ladder is empty. Where did Nick go?

SCHANKE
(turning back; covering)
What made you think Knight was with me?

EXT. BEACH SOME DISTANCE AWAY - NIGHT

Nick stands watching Schanke's moment from a distance. He withdraws something from his coat.

LACROIX (V.O.)
(echoey)
Blink and they'll all be ghosts, Nicolas.
Where's the lasting value?

He turns but sees nothing. Beat. He looks down at what he has in his hand -

HIS BADGE.

Lying across his charred palm. As he stares at it...

NICK
There's the lasting value.

FADE OUT:

END ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. MAMA'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

COPS, some in plainclothes, some in uniform, crowded around a red-checkered tablecloth, tucking into heaping plates of pasta.

SCHANKE

So as this scumbag grabs her around the neck to take her down she pulls out a little 38, reaches around behind her and plugs the guy straight in the chest.

OFFICER #1

Got him huh?

SCHANKE

Didn't even make it to the ambulance.

(beat; enjoying the limelight)

The tragedy of the whole thing was that the creep left 6 quarts of perfectly good blood right there on the sidewalk.

NICK

That is a shame.

They look up to find Nick standing there. Schanke beams.

SCHANKE

Knight - I was afraid we'd have to start without you.

OFFICER #2

Wait - Don't panic. This plate's still got some garlic-linguine left.

NICK

No thanks. Nat and I grabbed a bite on my way home from the ceremony.

(to Schanke)

So let's see how it looks with the jacket.

Schanke proudly obliges, displaying his newly awarded medal against his lapel.

NICK

Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHANKE

I had to hide it from Myra. She can't wait to stick it in the burl display case she ordered from Home Shopping.

The Cops laugh. Schanke's a hero now. Everything he says is hilarious. They're interrupted by the Waitress bringing a tray with several glasses of Chianti.

ON SCHANKE as he watches the glasses being handed out. Something crosses his mind and he excuses himself, dragging Nick aside.

SEVERAL FEET AWAY from the table, Schanke hesitates, not knowing how to put this...

SCHANKE

Nick...Something I forgot to ask you about - You know, with all the excitement of the past month...

(beat)

About the...blood...in wine bottles in your place?

NICK

(shrugging)

I thin my paints with it. Old European technique.

SCHANKE

Sure. I figured it was something like that. Sure.

Off Nick's smile ---

FADE OUT:

THE END